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HOPALONG CASSIDY®

Starring
WILLIAM
BOTS

SEPT.
10¢
NO. 59



IN THIS ISSUE:

**THE DESPERATE
CHASE!**



AT THE TOP OF THIS RIVER
WATERFALL.

I DON'T RECKON I'LL NEED
THIS SNAKE HIDE, BUT I
TAKE IT JUST IN CASE.



ENTERING THE CAVE AT OUR HANG
WOODS? HANG SHOULD BE A COWBOY
AFTER THE WAY I FOULDED THE JOB.
GUT FIGHT NOW! ALL HIS HORSE
WOUNDS ARE IN TOWN FOR THE
BUT SQUARE DANCE?



THEY WOULD ONLY BE ASKING FOR
WILL BE ON THE MOUNTAIN, AND
THEY SHOULD BE ASKING BY
THE TIME I GET THERE.



BEHIND, AT THE WOODS RANCH.

IT SEEMS WHO WOULD OFTEN TO
COME OUT HERE TO SPEND THE
EVENING WITH ME, HOPALONG. I
WIFE ALL MY DAYS IN TOWN, IT
WOULD HAVE BEEN FINE, IT
LOVELY OTHERWISE.

THE PLEASURE TO
BEEN ALL MY
MILKMAKING. I'VE
GOTTEN LATE, SO
I'LL BE BACK
BACK FOR TOWN
NOW.



YOU CAN'T GO WITHOUT PLAYING AN OUT GAME
OF CHESS, HOPALONG. I'VE GOT THE BOARD SET UP
IN MY ROOM UPSTAIRS.

CORRY, BUT JUST
ONE GAME.



SHORTLY AFTER...

YOUR LUCK! YOUR
COWBOY WOUNDS! YOUR
OUT FOR A SNAKE!



HOW I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT YOU! AND
OLD MAN WOULD SURE CAN'T DO THAT FOR ME
BUT TOO OLD! THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST ROBBERY
I'VE EVER ASSISTED!

UGH!





















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CUT-OUT
MODELS
THAT REALLY
SOAR!



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Phantom II



Republic F-4



North F-4



Republic F-4 Phantom II



Republic F-4 Phantom II



Lockheed F-4 Phantom II



North American F-4 Phantom II



Republic F-4 Phantom II



Republic F-4 Phantom II



Republic F-4 Phantom II

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RETURN TO THE LAW



By Dick Kross

DAN SLOCUM rode in the lead of the small band of horsemen. As he dashed in the saddle, he peered ahead cautiously, eyes flickering from side to side. Slocum was a man who had spent most of his grown days being pursued by the law—or in jail—and he had no hankering to go back to the shadow of a prison cell. So he was careful, always.

Suddenly, he reined in his paint horse. "Whoa, there, horse!"

Moving in the outskirts, Slocum looked ahead to where a cluster of buildings made a settlement in the prairie. Homes, a hotel, a saloon, a few stores, a few false-fronted business buildings—that was a town in the old West. But this one, strangely enough, looked familiar to Slocum. He reined in his saddle and waited for the other riders to come up to him. Soon they rode up—Bart Carfield, boss of the gang, and Clint and Dade Shaw, two hard-chewing brothers from over in Oklahoma. For the past year, the four men had ridden together—against the law.

Dan Slocum crooked a thumb ahead at the town that could be seen far in the distance. "That where we're heading, Bart?" he asked. "What did you say the name of the town was?"

Bart Carfield nodded, his bushy, black eyebrows arching. "It's Redro City," he replied. "Lode mining town—and just ripe for us. Clint, here, scooped it last month, while we were over doing that Salinas job. He says it'll be easy as roping an hour-old maverick, but that it'll pay a lot better. They'll be holding a monthly payroll on Tuesday, that's tomorrow. Just one guard and an old buck sheriff who probably can't shoot the side out of a side!" The leader of the gang paused, to roll a relaxed smoke. Then—"Why'd you ask, Dan? Knew the place?"

Dan Slocum hesitated. "Oh, I reckon I probably went through it a while back," he said. "Not for ten years, though. Mabie Simon."

That night the lawmen camped by the side of a creek. As they cooked grub over a trip, bonfire-warm fire, Bart Carfield outlined his plans for the holiday of the coming payroll. With a pointed branch, he drew a map in the sand by the little blaze.

"That is the main street," he muttered. "And here's the main office. The guard'll be standing right here. . . ." He drew a line with the branch, up the main street. "We'll hit town about twelve o'clock. That's when the sheriff'll be eating lunch, so we won't figger on meeting up with him. Dade and I will move into the office. We'll slug the guard and go to work on rounding up the money. Meanwhile, you two will be posted as lookouts in the street outside. Got it? Clint? Dade?"

Dan Slocum nodded his head silently. He had been listening to Carfield. And yet, all along, his thoughts had been straying. Redro City? The town where he had been born, where he had lived through boyhood. It was a long time ago . . . more than fifteen years. Unceremoniously, the outlaw's fingers went up and touched the hair on his temples. Chestnut brown it had been—when he was a lad in Redro City. And now it was starting to streak with gray.

He always knew that sooner or later he'd be coming back to the town he had called home. Had tried to avoid it and had, more than once. But now there was no point in mentioning it to Bart Carfield or the Shaw brothers. They'd grow suspicious . . .

Slocum looked up.

"Kee?" he said. "Too far it. It sounds all right. New he's got some shat-ye. We'll have a busy day tomorrow. . . ."

As noon approached on the next day, Dan Slocum was still thinking about it. All night long, his thoughts had roved. But now there was no time to think. Bart Carfield had reined his buckskin in, and was pointing ahead.

"That's it," he barked. "The main office."

Dan, you and Clint wait here. Dade and I will move in. If we're not out in ten minutes, come in after us. But we won't have trouble. The sheriff shouldn't be along. But if he does come, don't take any chances. Blast him!"

Quickly, Carfield and Dade Shaw dismounted.

They disappeared in the shaded entrance of the mining office. Dan and Clint Shaw were left waiting in the bright noonday sun. They stood by their horses, from invisible eyes combing the dust-baked street. Suddenly, Clint Shaw grow rigid. His hand caught at Dan Sloman's elbow.

"Look there. Coming down the street. It's the sheriff! Shinned old fool. Backhe he finished law's early? We'll give him a desert he didn't expect!"

Peering down the street, Dan Sloman saw a white-haired old man walking along, sheriff's star glinting on his chest. He knew the lord, closed old features well; he had thought about them last night. At his side, Dan was aware of Clint Shaw clenching at his revolver. He wheeled toward the other outlaw.

"No, Clint!" he hissed. "Maybe he'll go by the office. Don't shoot him down — he told blood!"

"Let him go by?" Shaw grinned, disbelievingly. "You heard what Bart said. We can't take chances. I'll gun him down — and the boys'll be out presto, with the money." He tilted the Colt. His eyes narrowed, and his finger tightened on the trigger.

Dan Sloman hesitated for a brief moment, thoughts whirling. The old man was just twenty yards away, walking unswervingly to his death. He could not help himself. Only Dan could — and he did? Murderer, then, he lunged toward Shaw. One hand gripped the bedroom's wrist, twisting it, so that the shot went skyward. At the same moment, Dan sent a tight look slanting at Clint's jaw. Scanned, the bedroom veiled backward.

At the sound of the shot, the old sheriff whirled, then flung himself into the shelter of a doorway on the other side of the street.

Moments later, the door of the mining company was knocked open!

Out sprang Carfield and Shaw, jackets stuffed with packs of money — and gripping

revolver. Seeing the old sheriff in the nearby doorway, they opened fire on him. This time, Dan Sloman did not hesitate at all. Cupping his left hand, he shouted, "Leave him alone, boys! Try me!"

Then, dropping to one knee, he leveled his gun at his two erstwhile huddlers! Lead sang through the air, as the badmen leaped forward at each other, and the earth smelt of gun-powder eddied down the Western street! First Dade Shaw fell, gripping his chest and collapsing, like an empty sack of wheat. Then Bart Carfield caught at his throat and spun around, dropping his gun and sinking to the sidewalk.

Dan Sloman started to lower his smoking gun. Then, suddenly aware of a glimpse of movement behind him, he started to wheel. But he was too late. Crouching there, Clint Shaw fired three shots up at him, point-blank. They all smashed into his face, and he fell forward. Clint Shaw was the last of the gang to die — and it was the old sheriff, across the street, who grieved for him.

CRIM JUSTICE it was, and that was the first comment of the sheriff's deputy as he looked down at the four fallen men.

"You say it was this hombre, here, who started to gun down the holdup men?" he asked, pointing at the body of Dan Sloman.

The white-haired lawman nodded.

"It was! The lookest would have killed me from ambush, if he hadn't seen him and stopped him. Poor fellow! I reckon he must have been a cowhead, just walking along. With his face smashed up like that, well, probably never be able to identify him . . ." The old sheriff shook his head. "His own father wouldn't know him now! But he'd be mighty proud of him if he knew how he died."

The lawman turned away, and the deputy knew what he was thinking about.

He was thinking about his own son, who had run away from town, more than fifteen years before. Folks said this young Dan Sloman had turned outlaw and killer. That's why old sheriff Sloman was so sad. He was probably reckoning that he'd never see his boy alive again!

He never would . . .

THE END





NEVER HAD
THE YEMBRACKS?
JUST BRING ME
MY ORDER AND
REMEMBER, I
WANT MY STEAK
WELL DONE!

ALL RIGHT!



HERE'S
YOUR
STEAK!

WELL, WELL, IT
TASTES GOOD!
THIS PROVES WHEN
YOU'RE AS HONEST
AS I AM, YOU DON'T
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT GETTING
BURNED WITHOUT
KNOWING!



(GROAN, GROAN)
THIS REALLY HITS
THE SPOT!



IT DOESN'T TAKE WORTHY WORKERS LONG TO FINISH
THE STEAK!

I SHOULD FEEL GOOD NOW—
OH, OH, HAVE COMED THE
WAITER WITH THE CHECK!
SO NOW, THAT DOESN'T
BURN ME—O'J, JUST
GO INTO MY ACT!



HERE'S YOUR CHECK,
WELL BURNED!
THREE DOLLARS,
PLEASE!

THREE DOLLAR MY
CHECK? I'M NOT GOING
TO GIVE YOU THAT
CHECK!



WELL? YOU WERE
NOT GOING
TO PAY?

I CLEARLY SAID NO!
I TOLD YOU I WANTED
MY STEAK WELL DONE,
AND IT WASN'T!



WELL, YOU KNOW
BURNING IS THE
MIDDLEWAY IN THIS
CASE! SO I'VE
BURNED AND
BURNED OVER THE
THREE DOLLAR!

NOTHING DONE!
BUT DEAR GOD!
THE WAY I WANTED IT
AND I'M NOT GOING
TO PAY FOR IT!





PISTOL PACKING PATTIE -DEW TELL!



PHIL RIZZUTO
 NEW YORK YANKEES PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!

WHEATIES

THAT'S AN
 IMPORTANT
 TRAINING
 FACT!

EXTRA STRENGTH OF
 WHOLE CORN.

THERE'S A
 WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
 IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!

Now that wheat kernel breeding with dynamic
 progress, there's one of wheat in every
 Wheaties flake—ready to build you
 every day.

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

GET 3 WALT DISNEY CHARACTER

MASKS

RIGHT ON
 WHEATIES BOXES

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QUIZ...

GET YOUR THINKING CAPS ON AND TRY TO BEAT THE OUTSTANDING SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT EXCELLENT, 4 CORRECT, VERY GOOD, 3 CORRECT GOOD, 2 CORRECT FAIR, 1 CORRECT POOR.

☐ THE BIBLE SAYS JONAH WAS SWALLOWED BY A WHALE.

☐ True ☐ False

☐ GROVER WAS PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S MIDDLE NAME.

☐ True ☐ False

☐ A RACEHORSE WOKES 5 GALLONS OF WATER DAILY.

☐ True ☐ False

☐ BASE BUTH HIT HIS HIGHEST MARKING 50 HOME RUNS IN ONE SEASON IN 1915.

☐ True ☐ False

☐ G.F. FOOT WROTE THE "BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM."

☐ True ☐ False

100 STARS' MEMBERS CAN ENJOY LUNCH ON "STILL A STELL'S" STELL'S "TERRACE" & STELL'S WOOD LUNCH & DRINKING BAR ON DAYS 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31.

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DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY WHEN YOU WRITE!



BAR-TWENTY

17 N. DEARBORN ST.
CHICAGO 4, ILL.

HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring
WILLIAM BOYD

NOT FUR FUN



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE OLD MAN HOPALONG CASSIDY TOOK UP BART-CRACKING!

GUY'S, BRISQITE! CHASING PETERS IS EASY TO BEAT TOO!

PETER'S FUR TRADING POST



THE OLD MAN PETERS ALWAYS...

...AND THESE PETERS SAY HE WOULD NEVER TO GET HOPALONG CASSIDY, BUT CASSIDY TO GET THEM AT THE TRADING POST TO SEE IF HE CAN GET THEM FOR ME!

AND WHEN YOU COME BACK TO CHECK ON THE SHERIFF, HOPALONG, HE TOLD YOU THEY WERE BEEN STOLEN?



THAT IS TRUE, BUT NOW YOU KNOW?

I JUST BELIEVE, HOPALONG! FOR LEAVE MATTERS TO US AND WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT! COMING-TOGETHER!



I RECKON YOU'LL WANT TO RUN OUT TO MRS. TROTT'S FIRST HOW TO HAVE A TALK WITH HER, HOPPY!

I INTEND TO RUN OUT THERE, MRS. TROTT, BUT IF FIRST YOU THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER TO TALKED WITH YOU SO AM GOOD! SO THANKS YOUR ASSISTANCE!



THANK MY ASSISTANCE! WHAT ARE YOU, HOPPY?

I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY, MRS. TROTT! YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!



NOW, MRS. TROTT, I'VE BEEN TO SEE MRS. TROTT OUT, I'LL NEED SOME MORE TO YOU KNOW HOW I CAN GETHER SOME?

WE GOT SOME MORE! WE'LL GO TO LIVE THERE TO YOU IF YOU WANT! YOU CAN FIND OTHER BARKS!



ENTER AT MRS. TROTT'S SALOON.

...AND MRS. TROTT IS SO BAD I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY AND SELL!

HOW ABOUT MY LEAVING THEM HERE, PLEASE? IF YOU CAN SELL THEM FOR ME AT A GOOD PRICE, I'LL GIVE YOU HALF THE MONEY!



I WAS JUST GOING TO SUGGEST THAT, BUT I CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SELLING! THERE ARE 1000 OF THEM IN THE FIRST OF THE WOODS!

I RECKON I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE! I'LL BRING IN A NEW BARK!



MRS. TROTT'S LEAVING WITHOUT THE BARK, WHICH MEANS THE TRAP HAS BEEN BAITED! IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG BEFORE THEY COME THE FIRST FOR THE NIGHT!



While work...

THESE ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL BARKS, BOTH!

VERY BEAUTIFUL, AND EXPENSIVE, TOO! HERE, TAKE THEM!





WELL, I CAN'T SAY YOU DON'T
THANK ME.



AS HOPPY EVEN PUT UP
A FEW LINE THE MOUNTAIN
I TOLD YOU IT'D BE
EASY TO GOAT HORN
OUT OF HIS SHOES!

FROM THE
MOUNTAIN!
FIRST SAW
THAT CHIEF
THUNDER, I
THOUGHT HIS
FACE LOOKED
FAMILIAR AND
NOW I KNOW
WHY!



IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT BURN
MARKING, YOU COULD
LINE THE FISH WITH BUTTER,
HOPKINS!

ARE YOU
SURE?



POSITIVE! THAT MOUNTAIN COULD HAVE
EVEN THUNDERED AND ALL THIS
COULD HAVE BEEN A TRIP!

THEY CALL
FOR SOME
QUICK
THUNDER!



THUNDER, NOTHING!
JUST GIVE ME MY
SHARE OF THE GOAT
AND LET ME GET
OUT OF HERE!

DON'T BE A FOOL! THE WORST
THING THAT COULD HAPPEN IS
FOR THE LAW TO FIND YOU UP
HERE JOBS OF MURDER ON YOU
AFTER THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN
TELLING EVERYONE'S BUSINESS
IS SO BAD!



JUST RELAX AND LEAVE MURDER TO ME!
I KNOW JUST HOW TO THROW THE
LAW OFF THE TRACK!



THAT'S RIGHT, HOPPY!
THEY TOLD ME THE FURD
HAD BEEN STEALING
DURING THE NIGHT!

THEY PROVE MY
THEORY, WHICH WAS
IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB!
NOW ARE YOU SURE
THE MOUNTAIN
BURNING WAS
NOT A
FACT?





SHORTLY AFTER

HOW FAST I'M SURE FORTS AND BUNCHES
WON'T BE COMING BACK ANY SECOND.
WE CAN GO TO WORK



COST WHAT ARE
YOU UP TO,
HOPPER?

LIGHT THAT HORSESHOE
LEAP SO I CAN FIND
THE DAPS?



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D
SEE THE DRY WASH
HOPALONG CASSIDY
WASH UP SAFE
CRASHING

QUIET, HOPALONG! SOMEBODY
PRESUMED TO TALK TO ME
YOU'LL LEARN—I HAVE A
SEARCH WARRANT



BUT WANT BE THE PERFECT
TO FIND IN THERE'S
THE BOARD'S

NO! THEY WOULDN'T KEEP
THINK AROUND THE TRADING
POST. BUT PERIOD WAS
BOTH CONSIDERING HOPALONG
BUTTERFLY AND YOU'LL
TO SEE HOW BAD IT
REALLY IS



WELL! LOOK AT ALL THAT
MONEY! IT'S CERTAINLY
WON'T BE SOON AS A
BUSINESS IS BAD

RIGHT! HELP ME
CLEAN OUT THE DAPS!
I SUSPECT THIS IS THE
MONEY THEY GOT FROM
SELLING WESTERN
FUNS



HOW ARE YOU MAKING
TO PROVE THAT?

I'LL NEED YOUR HELP!
NEED TO WHAT I WANT
YOU TO DO





